- "If the sun care to rise, let him rise, And if not let him ever lie hid; For the light from my lady love's eyes Shines forth as the sun never did."
- If the moon care to shine, let her shine, But her glimmer is dulier by far Than a dream of a face which is mine— Of a face which beams bright as a start
- If the forest glades glitter in light,
 If their song-birds stop singing to call;
 I would heed them no longer, in might
 They're surpassed by my lady-love tall.
- If the world care to charm, let it try-Let its dreams come again unto me; And, too soon, will it find that not I, But itself, will, enthralled, worship thee!
- *Salga el Sol, si ha de salir,
- Y si no, que nunca salga; Que para alumbrarue a mi, La luz de tus ojos basta,

"BETSY GAMP'S WEDDIN."

BY M. J. ROY.

"Fix up, old woman, fix up, put on yer best bib and tucker, fur we're goin to a shake down ter night.'

"Ole man, shet up, yer must be crazy." "No, I'm not, its nigh onto thirty yeers

"What ye mean, Jonathan?" "I mean that thars goin' to be a shake down at Pete Stumps." And the old man waved his hat over his head while he waltzed about the kitchen. Aunt Tilda Knucklebone sat with a pan of apples on her tap, gazing at her husband in astonishment, while the tea-pot boiled and hissed on the stove.

"I'm goin' ter be thar an' shake my foot, the fust time in thirty yeers," added Uncle Jonathan, continuing to waltz about the kitchen.

"Jonathan Knucklebone, hev ye lost yer senses?" No. "Set down then an' tell me what yer

mean. Uncle Johnathan was soon out of breath, and gladly enough threw himself into a

"Well, Tilda-" "Well, Jonathan, what d'yer mean?" "Thar's goin' ter be a shake-down at Pete Stumps, all on account o' some one comin' back from Californy, an' yer can't guess who it is?"

"No, o' course not; who is it?" "Hamp Flatmarsh."

"Who's he?"

"What! don't yer remember Hamp, the forty-niner, who went away so long ago?" Pears to me like I do remember him a little, said Aunt Tilda, resuming the paring of her apples.

"O' course ye remember Hamp. Why, he war a leetle boy when we war sparkin'.' "Yes. I remember him now." "Wall, we'll go to the shake down, fur it's given in honor o' him.'

But ye furgit, Jonathan; we both belong to the church now," "Oh, I don't keer if we do. The Bible says thar's a time to dance, an' that time's

when Hamp Flatmarsh comes home." Jonathan, I don't believe we ought to go," said Aunt Tilda, yet evincing in her tone just the least inclination to yield. "Yer don't? Well, I do. Hamp's come

home arter bein' gone nigh onto twenty yeers, an' we'll go; course we will, ole woman, meetin' or no meetin'; so, fix up. put on yer best bib an' tucker. Why, I knowed Hamp ever since he warknee high. He's sot on my lap many a time. Who all's goin to be thar?"

"Oh, everybody. Thar's the Moores, the Perkinses, the Williamses, the Snyders, Langs, Browns, Smiths, Pinkertons, Allens, Noddingtons, Applegates, Pendergasts, Mitchells, Thrashers, Hamiltons, Eckertons, and Betsy Gamp the school

"Is Betsy Gamp goin'?"

"Yes. "Sartin' sure."

"Dead sartin'. Little Alph Lowe overheard Ben Hamilton tell Nick Alread that Sam Snyder hed heerd her say she was goin', so thar can't be any doubt av it." Why Jonathan, I declar ye've put me all in a flutter."

"O' course; git ready, we're goin'." "Will our children be thar?"

"O' course, Tom, Sally, Dave, and Ned Well, Jonathan, we'd look like two old fools a dancin' afore our grown up chil-

dren. "We needn't dance of we don't want to. Yer see thar's goin' ter be a big supper like a barbrecue. Pete's axed the whole country round, so they kin all git ter see Hamp at onet."

"Are yo sure Betsy's goin'?"

"Course she is." "Didn't she use ter know Hamp?" "Guess she did, ole woman. She was a purty leetle gal o' sixteen when he went

away in forty-nine." "Pore Betsy. She's a good gal," said Aunt Tilda, peeling apples vigorously, as Af she was in a hurry to get dinner ready. "Yes, Betsy is a fine gal. She's teachin' our skule nigh on ter twelve years now, an'

of thars a lady in all Stun Circle neighborhood it's Betsy Gamp. Guess she's authority on everything.'

"Say, Jonathan, don't it seem kinder strange ter you that Betsy never got mar-"Yes, a leetle,"

"An she's had so many good chances, too. Thar was Al Bailes was a good ketch, an she let him go by; then Phil Nichols war next, but he tuk to drink, and no gal as sensible as Betsy'd ever marry a man wot drinks. Then sence she's been on the old maid list, Dekin Smart, whose wife died, 's a most ded arter her.'

"Wall, ole woman, I spose she don't want ter marry. I guess that's all thar is

"She's a good gal an' could get anybody she wanted. Aunt Tilda had now completed peeling ther apples, and proceeded to prepare the

dinner. Evening came, and all the country was in a bustle. It seemed as if the entire and uncrossed his legs, kicked his heavy those members while they are being neighborhood had sudd-nly concluded to mining boots on the floor, and drew his disjointed; frequently they slip about go to Pete Stump's. The large, roomy, old-fashioned country house of Pete Stump, with its heavy oak doors and solid oak floors and broad fire -places, was crowded to its utmest capacity.

To use Uncle Jonathan's expression,

everybody was there. Come in, come in, how dy do? This is Hamp Flatmarsh. I guess ye know him though; don't look as ef he'd changed much," said Peter Stump who stood at the front door. At his side was a tall, broadshouldered man, with heavy mustache, and

face bronzed by long exposure to wind and

a little frosty with time. Many of the old people in the neighborhood, who had known Hamp Flatmarsh as · quick, impulsive youth, now looked to see if there were any familiar features

"Yos, he is jist the same," they all declared, "ixcept that dark scar in his cheek where he got the Injun arrer," put

bone, grasping his hand. "It's been ages an' ages ago since yer left here a young man. Ye war workin' fur me then, I reckin ye remember it. We use ter work all day, an' hunt coons at night."

"Ye bet, I remember it, ole hoss," said Hamp with that peculiar Western dialect which sounds so harsh to cultured ears. "Ye left so sudding, Hamp. What made yer do it? I went ter bed expectin' yer back next mornin' an' lo an' behold, yer did'nt come, an' I found out arterward that ye'd put out fur Californy."

"Yes, went sudden." "Struck it rich, I hear?"

"Purty good lead." "Glad ter hear it. I want ter see ye, an' talk with ye over it all after awhile, when I get time. "I'll do it, ole hoss."

He had always been a very quiet man, and it was not strange that he should seem so silent on this evening.
"Say, Jonathan, ar' the boys lookin arter yer horses?" asked Mr. Stump.

"Yes, Pete; they've got bout all they kin do, though, fur thar's bout twenty or thirty teams thar ter look arter, an more a-comin'.

The roads seemed alive with horsemen and people in wagons, all coming to Pete

"Tilda, he looks kinder sad, don't he?" said Jonathan, as he sat by his wife in the since I shook my foot, but its got ter trip big sitting-room, watching the face of the it ter night, even ef it does make my jims man who had left the neighborhood a pauper so many years ago and returned a millionaire.

"Pears t' me he looks kinder disappointed like," said Aunt Tilda, gazing at the face for a long time through her glasses. "Disappointed-why should he be disappointed, ole woman; don't ye know he's a millionaire now? He's got all the money he kin possibly want, an' more'n he'd ever spend. Guess he kin enjoy himself some

"But look at him. He sighs, Jonathan, and looks about. Oh, Jonathan, money can't allers make people happy."

"I guess it 'd make me a most pow'ful happy jist now."
At this moment supper was announced, and the older folks were hurried off to the great old-fashioned country dining-room, where the table fairly groaned beneath its load of good things. Country delicacies are always nicer and fresher than can be found anywhere in city hotels. The vegetables grow in their season and have all the juice and flavor nature intended-have

hot-house development of the wilted vegetables found in cities. Uncle Jonathan was placed at the head of the table, so he could carve the turkey, his wife on his right, and Hamp Flatmarsh, whom they insisted should eat at the first

not the stale, flat taste of premature

table, on his left. Musicians were scraping their violins, getting ready for the "shake down" as soon as supper should be over.

The younger people, who were to come in at the second table, were in the great sitting-room chatting and laughing as only youngsters can. "I say, Tilda, hev ye seen anything o' etsy this evenin'?" Uncle Jonathan

"Who? Wot did ve sav?" asked the returned Californian, starting up as if from a reverie.

"Betsy Gamp; she was to a been here." She was?" "Yes, heerd she war comin'." She'll be here yit," put in Aunt Tilda.

"D'ye reckon she will? D'ye reckon she will, Aunt Tilda?" There was a depth of pathetic eagerness about the question which greatly intensified the fire in the dark gray eyes. "Oh, ves, she'll come, I'll be bound." Then Hamp seemed to recover his self-

possession, and sank into his usual reserved manner. If some powerful emotions were raging within that heart, they were bidden by an armor of steel, and were known only to himself. The California millionaire finished his supper, and then went into the sitting-

room, where he took his broad-brimmed white hat from the peg on the wall, and drawing it low over his eyes, sat down, apparently oblivious to all his surroundings. A little bustle at the door announced a new arrival, and some one said: "She's come at last."

The forty-niner looked up from under his broad brim and his eye instantly blazed with a new light. He started to his feetbut checked himself as he remembered where he was, and sat down again. The new arrival was a little woman with large blue eyes and a profusion of golden hair. She was past thirty, and the combined influence of time and care had left some wrinkles on remaining. This was Betsy Gamp, the neighborhood schoolmarm.

Betsy was hurried out to supper, while the very man in whose honor the entertainment was given sat swearing at his illfortune.

She returned and was then presented to

"Betsy? Course I know her, "cried Hamp, starting up and seizing one small hand in his. "Why, it seems an age since I sot his. eyes on her, but I'd know 'er yit 'mong a million.

Betsy's pale face turned very red, and her eyes drooped, while Hamp still held her hand. The music now struck up, and the floor was cleared for dancing. "Come, Betsy; it's been a long time since

you an' me tuk a trot tergether; let's hev a tramp wi' the rest.' "Oh, Hamp! I belong to church now," she

said softly; "besides, I teach the school."
"It'll be all right."

"Do you think it will?" "Know it."

They were in the "first set," and when it was over Hamp, who seemed suddenly inspired with new life, led his flushed part ner to a set in the very farthest corner of the room.

"Betsy," he whispered in his coarse Pacific slope dialect, "it's been a long time sot eyes on ye, but I never forgot since I ye, nor that Sunday evening when I left ye on the hill."

"Hamp, what made you go so sudden?

she asked He tried to speak, but his throat seemed to clog up despite himself. He crossed broad-brimmed hat lower down over his

eyes. At last he said: "Betsy, I guess I war a dot-rotted fool. Fact is, I was mad. Did ye mean it?"

"What?" she asked. "What ver said bout Newt Bowman."

ye ter camp-meetin ou Wednesday, an' you said maybe ye'd go with Newt Bowman.

"Oh, Hamp, I only said that to tease "War that all?"

"It was."

He was probably forty years of age, his thair once dark was now streaked with gray, and the heavy mustache was also growing to Californy. It's been a long time, Then a silence fell upon both, and they

appeared to not see the crowded room and gay young dancers. The music was drowned with thought, and they had gone back ever so many years to that sunny afternoon when they were young and parted on It had been a long and bitter struggle,

in old Sally Flint.

"Oh, Hamp, I'm so glad ter see ye back agin!" said Uncle Jonathan Knucklehis lack of sulture, from among the handwhich caps the waves after a storm.

somest women in the country, but some-how this patient little woman seemed to possess a spell over him which no other be

ing did. He was first to break the silence. "Betsy," he said, "what become

Newt?" "He married Kitty Winters long ago Their oldest girl was married last week. "Then ye didn't mean it?"

"What?" "Ye didn't like Newt---"He was a good friend."
"Oh, dad blast it, yer know what I mean "No."

"I was a fool, then; but maybe it's not

too late to mend yit. Betsy, are you wil-"What do you mean?" she asked, trembling a little, while her face was radiant with a flame of giory.

"Yer be my wife. Now, let me know, an settle it once furever. I axed ye that question nigh on to twenty years ago. I want the answer to-night, or I'll leave, never to come back."

Betsy knew the danger of attempting to put him off, and said: "Yes, Hamp, I love you, have loved you all these long years, and will never marry another.'

"Ye loved me then did ye?"

"Why didn't ye say so when I axed ye?" "Oh, it was so pleasant to coquet a little, you know, and see you get mad. "Well, gal, don't rile me again, fur it takes nigh on to twenty years fur me to

cool off "I will not answer you so any more, Hamp," she said, trembling with joy. "I am older now, and all such girlish folly is past."

"Will ye be my wife?" he again asked. "Yes.

"To-night?"

"Oh, it's too soon." "No; it's now or never. Some un' said Uncle Jonathan Knucklebone was a Squire, and he'll tie the knot fur us right

now. What yer say? I kin call my hoss and leave in ten seckinds." Betsy's face turned deathly pale. She knew it would not do to trifle with her lover, whom until within the last few minutes she had thought lost, and after a brief struggle she said:

"Then wait till this set's over, an' it'll be done. It won't take more'n two or three

minits. Squire Knucklebone was at this moment swinging about, in the giddy maze of a quadrille, pretty Polly Perkins, as gay as a boy of eighteen. To Hamp, who could not brook delay, it seemed as if the quadrille

was never to end. "First four for'd back agin, alla man left, balance all, all promenade, swing yer pard-ner, all sas-shay;" while to the lively tune of the squeaky old fiddle came the tramping of f. et. Uncle Jonathan's white head and slightly bent form could be seen among the others, whirling and flitting about.

When the "set" was over, and he led his youthful partner in the dance to her seat, the old Squire was almost out of breath. "Hold on thar, Square," said Hamp Flatmarsh, leading the blushing Betsy forward. "Afore ye sot down thar's a leetle job I want yer to de, while we're all in the not on. Nigh onto twenty y'ars ago this gal an' me hed about come ter the conclusion we'd trot in double harness; but by a leetle misunderstandin' the lead proved a blind, an' I vamosed to prospect elsewhar. We've got it all fixed up now, an' ef ye'll jest say a few words to make us partners fur life I'll be much obleeged ter ye, and gin ye and Aunt Tilda a present o' a thou-

sand dollars apiece." A shout went up from everybody, and it was several moments before Uncle Jonathan could sufficiently recover his composure to command the peace.
Order was at last restored, and then the

equire, panting from his late exertions, "Jine yer right hands." They did so, and in a few moments the ceremony was completed. Now, if I hed'nt a ben sich a dod-

rotted fool this'd a been done twenty y'ars ago," said Hamp.
"Thet's so, Uncle Jonathan, but ten millions won't buy back them twenty y'ars o' pleasure an' happiness I might a had wi' the best woman on airth."

Betsy, who had been standing like one stupefied ever since her marriage, at this threw her arms around her husband's neck and burst into tears of joy.

"Thar, then; thar, then, gal; don't take on any more, ur I'm sich a dod-blasted fool I'll slop over, too. I wouldn't giv ye fur her face, though there was no little beauty all the mines in the Rockies; but let's not

stop the dance. The dance went on, and when the guests began to go home early in the morning they all took leave of the bride and groom. Aunt Tilda was the happiest of all, and as she kissed the pretty bride she said:

"I've witnessed comethin' t'night that I begin ter fear I'd never see. "What?" the blus ing bride asked. "Betsy Gamp's weddin'.

How to Carve Poultry.

An expert carver can divide poultry without removing the fork from the breasthone or turning the bird on the dish, but a beginner will do well to have a small fork at hand for the purpose of laying cut portions aside as the carving progresses. Turn the bird so that the carving fork can be held in the left hand and firmly fixed in the breastbone, and use a sharp knife with a small flexible blade. First cut off both drumsticks at the knee joint, and then remove the second joints. With a tender bird this is not a difficult matter; but both strength and skill are necessary to cope successfully with a tough or underdone turkey, because very strong sinews are plentiful all about the leg joints. Next cut off the first joints of the wings, or the pinions, and then the joints nearest the body. This method of cutting off the first joints of the legs and wings of the body saves that troublesome feat of holding those members while they are being on the platter and spatter the dish

After the wings are remeved cut off the merry thought or wishbone, and then the wing side bones which hold "I don't remember now what I did say." the breast to the backbone; then carve "Don't yer know I axed about goin' with the breast in medium thin slices, and ter camp-meetin' on ther next serve the bird, giving gravy and stuffing on each plate. If the diners are numerous it may be necessary to cut off more of the flesh, and even to d smember the carcass. This can be done with more or less ease, as the curver understands the anatomy of the bird. If a carver would study the location of the joints while carving, and take the trouble to cut up several cazcasses by str king the points where the bones are joined t gether, subsequent carving would be easy. The joints of all birds are similarly placed, so nearly identical in point of junction that one is a guide to all others .- Juliet Corson, in Harper's Bazar.

WHITE hairs are like the sea foam

CARL DUNDER.

A Fairy Story After the German. Vell, shildren, maype you like to hear me talk some more (says Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press). I vhas oanly an oldt Dutchmans, but if I do you some goot dot vhas all right. I guess I tell you aboudt some badt boy—a feller who vhas named Shacob Hornberger, and who lif py dot Black Forest in Shermany. Vhas I tell you happened so long ago dot my great grandfather vhas a leedle poy. I haf some



"I like to skin him alife."

peoples tell me it vhas a fairy story, but I doan know. Vhell, now to pegin: Vonce upon some times a poy named Shacob Hornberger lif py der Black Forest mit his parents. Dot poy doan lie und shteal, but he vhas cruel in his mindt. If

he sees some odder leedle poy he likes to hit him mit a club, und if he sees some leedle girl he like to pinch her und make her yell so loud as a cannon. Dot vas a pad preenciples, children. If you doan have some mercy und sympathy for odder people you vhill some day shtand oop on

der gallows to be hung. Vhell, to proceed some more, dot poy Shacob vhas tickled all oafer when he hat some shance to be cruel mit a dumb brute. It whas his delight to throw stones at some dogs, hunt down cats, und kill off der innocent birds. If he doan' be cruel to something during der way he doan' shleep goot at night. Lots of peoples talk to him und gif him goot advice, but Shacob vhas no petter. Vhen a poy doan' heed der words him-werry badt. He vhas on der plank roadt to destruction, und he dies some aw-

ful death. Vhell, one day Shacob finds a rabbit mit two proken legs, und he vhas nefer so tickled pefore. It vhas a shance to pe cruel, und he takes oudt his knife to torture dot poor rabbit. A leedle oldt man mit a hump on his pack und one white eyebrow comes oudt of der woods shus den

"Vhas you do, eh, Shacob? You doan be cruel to dot poor rabbit, I hope?"
"I like to skin him alife!" says Shacob. "But if you touch him you shall be pun-

Und now, shildren, vhas you suppose dot poy didt? He jabs dot knife into dot rabbit's eyes und laughs ha! ha! to hear him cry oudt midt pain, Howefer, he hadt no sooner done dot dan der old man makes two signs like dot und says: turn dot poy into a lean, blind wolf, und I bid him go off mit der Black Forest.

Dot rabbit vhas all right again!" Und, shildren, shust like you lif, Shacob pecomes a plind wolf, mit all his ribs plain to be seen, and dot rabbit goes scampering off on four legs, mit his eyes as goot as eafer. Dot wolf howls mit hunger und pain, und vhile he runs he knocks himself oafer lots of times und vhas padly used oop. If he can't see he can't catch some-

deadt. If you see some rabbit, shildren, you vhill notice how crooked his hindt legs vhas. Dot vhas pecause dey vhas proken. You notice some specs in his eyes. Dot vhas pecause he vhas cured so queek of his plindness. Dot vhas my story, leedle ones, und I like you to remember it. Der poy who likes to gif pain to some helpless animal vhill come cop to some badt man. It vhas petter dot our bearts vhas always full of pitty und mercy, und dot we vhas always ready mit charity for der unfortu-

nate.

Voudoo Stories. Lucy Howard and Sarah Haywood, two colored women, were quarreling in the streets at Yameraw, Ga., when a woman named Marshall, also co'ored, interfered and separated them. As the Marshall woman was walking away Sarah Haywood touched her on the shoulder with a goose feather and she fell to the ground in a swoon. She was at once taken home and cared for, but remained in a comat se condition, and died without uttering a word. Sarah Haywood has a local reputation as a voudoo queen, and the negroes think that she is responsible for the Marshall woman's death. The coroner's verdict, however, was to the

effect that she died of paralysis. A great many sudden and mysterious deaths have recently occurred among the negroes of Marion County, in Southern Mississippi, and many of the blacks in that part of the State believe fairy tale for a week."-Albany Jourthat they are victims of the vengeance of an old voudoo doctor who died near Columbia a month ago, and who had frequently complained that they neglected him for the white men's physicians. They say that he has returned to earth in the form of the dreaded "night doctor," to see whom is fatal. Many of the more superstitions blacks declare that they have heard the spirit of the old voudoo man rushing through the streets at night, accompanied by the low, moaning wind which always attends the night doctor on his terrible

A negro cook at Athens, Ga., had a severe attack of rhenmatism in the back not long ago and called in a voudoo d ctor to treat bim. The voudoo man said that his patient was under the malign influence of an enemy, and, going out into the yard, returned with a piece of red flannel tied in the middle of a blue string, which he declared to be the cause of all the trouble. The offending cloth was burned in the sickroom to the accompaniment of weird incantati as, the patient said he was much better, and the doctor, having received his proper fee, eparted.

Frank Winn, a precocious young colored boy of Dallas, Texas, has shown considerable inventive skill, and many of the more superstitions of his race think that he is in league with the devil. Last week some of the credulous blacks tried to rout Satan out of the young inventor's dwelling by nail-

broken glass. To clinch the argument with the black fiend they tacked a horseshoe on the lintel of the door and attached a precious rabbit's foot to the

A little negro girl of Calhoun, Ga., goes up into the mountains every day or two and talks, so she says, with an obliging angel, who tells her a great many mysterious secrets. The black people place a great deal of confidence in her revelations, and await her coming and going with anxious interest. Her latest piece of information is that the town will be visited by a cyclone, following close on the heels of a disastrous earthquake, before the year is out, and will be totally destroyed.

Indispensable.

There are many plants, like the mis-tletoe and the dodder, which draw their life from other plants, instead of from the ground; and in the same manner many animals subsist only upon other animals. Indeed, we may almost reckon man himself as nothing better than such a parasite, in circumstances

like those described below. A people who live neither by agriculture nor the pasturage of sheep and cattle, nor yet, properly speaking, by the chase, as the chase is ordinarily understood; a people who have for food neither beef, mutton, nor pork; neither fruit, breadnor vegetables; neither sugar nor salt; who have for drink neither tea, coffee, wine, beer, nor spirits of any kind; for clothing neither silk, cotton, flaxen, nor woolen stuffs; who have neither iron, nor steel, nor lead, nor copper, nor gold, nor pottery; who have for juel neither wood, nor coal, nor peat-such a people are the Esquimaux; or, as they call themselves, the

"Innuits" of the Arctic. It seems at first sight impossible that men should live amid such conditions. The things I have enumerated appear to include all the possibilities of food. clothing and fire found on the earth; and the question unconsciously arises to our lips, "Can a people, then, live with-out either of these three first necessi-

ties of life-food, clothing and fire?" But the Innuits, deprived literally of everything which, in our clime, makes life possible, have nevertheless found in the world they have chosen, or into of his parents and friends it whas badt for which they have been driven, the means of existence in a very different shape from that in which they abound it. our southern clime.

They have found them all-food, fire, light, clothing, arms, implements, everything-combined in one single an-

That animal is the seal. Without it. the existence of man in these regions would be an impossibility. Its flesh supplies him with food; its blubber with light and fire; its skin with clothing and shelter.

When Barnum Paid for Drinks.

story was told of Barnum. "He is a temperance man now," said one of the party, "but I remember when he set up the drinks for a distinguished crowd. He didn't do it out of pure good-nature, either. It was twenty-six years ago, at the Frofile House in the Franconia Mountains. Barnum was feeling pretty smart in those days, and he had been playing his jokes and cute tricks rather freely about the house. A lot of guests sat on the piazza of the botel. Among them were Commodore Vanderbilt, W. thing to eat, und in a little time he goes | H. Vanderbilt, another of the family, Gov. Gilmore's son, John Hyde, the artist, Barnum, and a number of others, including myself. Young Gilmore was a lively young chap then, but he has deteriorated and become a minister since. Gilmore put up the job and let us all into it. He twisted the talk around to physical prowess, and got Barnum to brag about how fast he could run. Across the plateau in front of the hotel was a rail to which horses were tied. Gilmore proposed that we all start from the piazza and run to the rail, and that the last man to touch the rail with his hand pay for the drinks for the crowd. Everybody agreed and we got into line, all except the Commodore, who sat on the piazza and gave the word. P. T. was lively and confident, and waited impatiently for the word. The Commodore said 'Go!' and away went the greatest show on earth like Jumbo in a sprint race. He took the lead right away. Everybody else pretended to run for all that was in them, but took care not to get ahead of P. T. The showman got there in great style, put his hand on the rail, and turned round in triumph. There stood the rest of the crowd in line behind him, not one touching the rail. When he heard the Commodore roar, he took in the situation. He was the only one who put his hand on the rail at all. Barnum set them up, but he was so mad that he couldn't tell a plausible

Your Ton of Coal. Someone has thus figured on the ingredients of a ton of coal. Besides gas, a ton of coal will yield 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal tar. Destructive distillation of the coal tar gives 69.6 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds of heavy oils, 9.5 pounds of naphtha yellow, 6.3 pounds of naphthaline, 4.75 pounds of naphthol, 2.25 pounds of alizarine, 2.4 pounds of solvent naphtha, 1.5 pounds of phenol, 1.2 pounds of aurine, 1.1 pounds of analine, 0.77 pound of toludine, 0.46 pound of anthracine and 0.9 pound of toluene.

No Lady. Mary-An' how do yez like y'r new place, Jane? Jane-It's a quare place for a self-re-

spectin' girrul like me. Oi'm used to workin' fer leddies. Mary-An' ain't she a leddy now? Jane-Sure, no. Oi don't belave she ever had money enough to kape a girrul before. She's no leddy at all, at

Mary-An' phat makes ye think so, Jane? Jane-Och! She's so perlite an' saf wid me, -Tid-Bits.

It is remarkable how much more religious a person can be in a well-fitting ing up the door and suspending before dress and a love of a bonnet than in a grave question for doubt .- Dr. Foote's it strands of hair tied around bits of lot of dowdy old duds - Exchange.

HUMOR.

SUGGESTION for Lent-bring it back. ONE acre enough-especially if it be tender corn.

On the edge of dis-pair-about to become divorced.

A VESSEL sailing from Cork is incomplete without a Cork's crew.

ID rather be the man to find A fault in most of what I see, Than have that vacant, vapid mind Of satisfied insanity.—Siftings. JAY GOULD has purchased a 10,000,-

acre snake farm near St. Louis. It

won't be long until he will convert it into a "water"-snake farm. - Newman Independent. "HERE, Johnnie, what do you mean by taking Willie's cake away from him? Didn't you have a piece for yourself?"

"Yes, but you told me I always ought to take my little brother's part." Corns are not always on the feet, as all chiropodists advertise that they have "removed them from several crowned heads." You always notice a well-

corned man can't stand on his feet, though. "WHY, Hans, you have the most feminine face I have ever seen on a man," said a traveler to a Dutch hotelkeeper. "Oh, yar, I know the reason for that," was the reply; "mine mudder

was a woman." "WE don't see you very often at the club, Charley." "No; the fact is I'm engaged, and can't call an evening my "Going to leave the club, then?" "O, no: I shall be married in April, and then you may look for me at least three times a week."—Philadelphia Call.

Lily (secretary of the cooking class) Now, girls, we've learned nine cakes, two kinds of angel food, and seven pies. What next? Susie (engaged)-Dick's father says I must learn to bake bread. Indignant chorus-Bread? Absurd! What are bakers for?-Pittsburg Bul-

Wife-John, dear, I notice that your brother James never makes a friendly call upon us unless he is intoxicated. Husband-No, my dear, he doesn't. James reminds me of the moon. W.—Reminds you of the moon? H.-Yes, dear; he never gets round till he's full.

"How SILLY you look in this picture," said an Oakland belle, on viewing a photograph presented by a gentleman who intended to absorb her name. "Do I, Sarah? I tried to smile and look sweet when it was taken." "Smile! If that's the way you look when you 'smile.' I should certainly join the prohibitionists if I were you."-San Francisco Wasp. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL SAYS

that the men of Shakspeare's were fortunate in being able to gather their language with the dew upon it. From what we have heard of the gatherings at the Mermaid Tavern, at that time, we should judge that it was saturated with At a recent dinner, by the way, a dew."-Boston Gazette. what the Irishman calls "mountain A TERRITORIAL editor says in his

paper: "Yesterday we were again mar-

ried. It will be remembered that both

of our former wives eloped with the foreman of the office. To avoid any future inconvenience of the kind we have this time married a lady who is herself a compositor, and she will set the type while we hustle for the ducks who still owe on subscription."—Dakota Bell. "Well, good-by," said the Boston lady to Mrs. Parvenu, at the seaside hotel. "I've just time to give the head waiter his perquisite before I go." "I don't know," said Mrs. Parvenu, mus-

ingly, "why she gives him a perquisite. I wonder if that's any better than a five-dollar bill. Laura," she said, turn-ing to her daughter, "what's a perquisite, any way." THE AMATEUR CARVER. A bachelor tried to carve a goose, In vain! He could not find a thigh-bone loose, He stuck a fork in the creature's breast, And gravy spurted over his vest, The guests all smiled like seraph's bleat The corver's face was red and white,

His coat-tail flapped with many a flap, The goose slid into the hostess lap With speed. -Philadelphia News.

He sawed away, if that he might

His collar parted with a snap,

of their grief, she exclaimed:

Lawyer's First Book. Once, while in an English village, Ben Jonson saw a number of poor people weeping over a newly made grave. On asking a woman the cause

all in peace, and always was so good as to keep us from going to law-the best man that ever lived!" "Well," said old Ben, "I will send you an epitaph to write upon his tomb." He sent the following lines:

"Oh, sir, we have lost our precious

lawyer, Justice Randall! He kept us

"God works wonders now and then; Here lies a lawyer—an honest man." Jonson's lines would not have been so satirical had all lawyers been educated as Macklin, an actor, proposed to train his son, whom he designed for the

"What book, sir," said the veteran actor to a friend, "do you think I made him begin with? Why, sir, the Bible— the Holy Bible." "The Bible for a lawyer!" exclaimed

the friend. "Yes, sir; the properest and most scientific book for an honest lawyer, as there you will find the foundation of all law as well as of all morality."-Youth's Companion.

Narcotic Drugs.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter wants more laws to prohibit the indiscriminate traffic in narcotic drugs. It asks: "How many of the feebleminded and idiotic children that cost the public thousands of dollars annually to maintain are the logical results of the use of narcotics? God only knows, but man may feel sure that the number is very great. In the name of humanity, as well as for the interests of political economy, we emphatically say that this diabolical traffic must be restricted, and these would-be moral and physical suicides must be restrained from their morbid and damning pro-pensities." The object and motive thus stated is good, beyond doubt, but the success or utility of prohibitory or restrictive laws remains a matter of Hhaith Monthly.